

THE NEWS

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PARIS. : : KENTUCKY

THE KENTUCKY RACE.

TOLD AT THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.
Her you heard about that famous race o' forty years ago.
Way down in Ole Kentucky? Twuz a rattler—don't you know?
From a place in Paducah, not a feller see that race.
But what laid right down an' laughed—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—
"Twuz give-out round in Lexin' on the race wuz free an' fair."
"Fur any beast that had four legs an' grew a crop o' hair."
An' every chap, that had a nag fur twenty towns wuz that."

The day it jist wuz gong' us, an' the track it wuz a slow.
The horses they wuz anxious fur the tussle—don't you know!
When up thar come a-ridin', right afore the race-course full.
Ole Athalar, a-totin' astraddle on a bull!
He had a tin horn in his hand an' spurs upon his boots.
An' such a yell! I never heard ez come from them galoots.
The fellers on the horses flunked, an' claimed it wuz a squar.
The judges lauged to split the' sides, but said the race wuz fair.
"Fur any beast that had four legs an' grew a crop o' hair."

So the judges got ready, an' they giv' the word to go.
An' bull an' horses started all together—don't you know?
When sudden Athalar giv' a toot upon his horn.
An' stuck his spurs into the bull. Ez sure ez you were born.
The bull began to beller an' the horses flew the track.
He took the lead, a-totin' Athalar on his back.
An' round he come a-rusin', with his tail up in the air.
The judges said the pot wuz his—that he had won it fair.
"He wuz a critter, on four legs that grew a crop o' hair."

Steh a laughin', steh a hootin', steh a howlin'—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—
The State o' Ole Kentucky never know, or heard or saw.
Ole Athalar took the pot—the bull an' he had won.
The crowd it sided with the bull, an' hollered at the fun.
The owners o' the horses they begun to cuss an' swear.
They said that Athalar hadn't won upon the squar.
"That horn o' his'n hadn't legs nor any crop o' hair."

Then up spoke Athalar: "Boys, I'll lay the ole horn by!
"Fur you got a hundred dollars, you kin hev another try.
I'll put the pot agin it, fur I'm willin'—don't you know?
To giv' you satisfaction, if you'll giv' me any show."
They up an' raised the money in a jiffy then an' thar—
Each owner o' an animal a-chippin' in a shair.
To beat Ole Athalar an' his beast with legs an' hair."

Away agin' they started with a whoop an' big holler.
That bull o' Athalar's, how he bellered—don't you know?
There wuz a boss an' an' all that shovled a speck o' sense.
Jehial Burd's thore-bred jist threw him thro' the fence.
Some stood the' riders on the' heds, some scampered from the track.
An' bull-a-dogged turned the' tails an' come a-scootin' back.
While right ahead that critter tore, and jist ez sure ez sin.
He wuz, an' Athalar scooped another hundred in."

An' when afore the judges stand the bull come salin' by.
With tail a-stickin' out behind, I tho't that crowd wuz die.
The yell it giv'—ha, ha, ha, ha—'t fairly shook the air.
The horses left, an' never since hez race been free an' fair.
"Fur any beast that had four legs an' grew a crop o' hair."
—From "Away Out West," by Eugene J. Hall.

JOE BARRETT'S CONFESSION.

One seventeenth day of August, not many years ago, a party of four, consisting of Joe Barrett and his wife, their most intimate friend, Phil Somers, and Miss Maude Mortimer, a young lady they hoped he might be induced to consider the future happiness of his existence, stood quite alone upon a narrow strip of sand on the Long Island coast, not far from the great metropolis. Joe Barrett and his wife had long ago been given over by their relatives and friends, and the genial circle of society they adorned, as an old-fashioned couple that prolonged their honeymoon to a most unprecedented and unheard-of period. They had lately celebrated their silver wedding, and for the amusement of others and the romance for themselves would have gone through with the original ceremony again had it not been for a serious obstacle. The clergyman was still alive, and vigorous for his years, and Phil Somers, Joe's best man at his wedding, was yet his best friend, but the pale, pretty little bride had vanished long ago off the face of the earth, and become one of that shadowy band to which "we call, and they answer not again."

There was a rumor that if she had lived she would have become the wife of Phil Somers, thus making the happiness of the four complete. It was currently believed that because of this tender and romantic episode of his life, Phil Somers had remained a bachelor. In his younger days this apparent halo of soft regret and unappealing longing lent a melancholy grace to his already pleasing exterior, and many a damsel endeavored to console him, but although he was gentle, and even chivalric, to all womankind, he remained, to all matrimonial intents and purposes, unconsoled. And here he was, a bachelor still, fifty years old, getting rather grizzled about the temples and crow-footed about the eyes, bronzed by his partiality for the open air, thin but muscular, tall but straight; while Joe Barrett and his wife might both pass for "fat, fair, and forty," though they were not so many years Phil's juniors.

And here they were, plotting as lively as ever for Phil's connubial bliss. The present victim of their toils, although no longer in her first youth, would have seemed so in any other light but the critical one of sun against sand, and now that thick bands of gray clouds lay heavily across the sky, tempering the brilliancy of the sun's rays, and the young lady had pulled her veil about the outline of her face, Miss Mortimer seemed at the heyday of her charms.

While waiting for dinner, which was in process of preparation in a long low hostelry a dozen furlongs or so inland, they had strolled down to the water's edge, and, true to the plan in hand, Joe Barrett had pulled his wife's chubby hand through his arm and trotted her away from Phil and the young lady.

"Let's leave them alone together for a while," said Joe. "It seems a propitious time for love-making, and I hope something will come of to-day's trip, Polly."

I'm getting awfully tired of working like a pack-horse for Phil's happiness. While strolling along, they indulged in a spirited conversation about Phil and the matrimonial projects in which they had been engaged on his account. At last Joe remarked, looking fondly at his wife: "I'd be the happiest fellow in the world if Phil could be happy, too."

His wife shook his arm impatiently. "See here, Joe," she said, "I think you are absurd about Phil Somers, and you may as well understand, once for all, that if this thing falls through, I'm not going to bother about his marrying at all. It's none of your business or mine. I don't believe he wants to marry, anyway. Some natures are so constituted that they can only love once, and I believe all the love Phil had to give any one was squandered long ago on our dear little bridemaid. After all, there's something very sweet and touching in his remaining faithful to the one memory all these years."

Joe shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. He picked up a stone, and sent it savagely whirling over the water. "Polly," he said, "I think I'll take a plunge in the sea; it will tone me up, and give me an appetite for dinner. There's a bathing suit in one of the little cribs behind us."

"Look at that big black cloud, Joe," "I won't stay in long, Polly." He gave his wife a tender squeeze, looked down upon her with an expression that seemed to say he'd kiss her if it wouldn't shock Miss Mortimer's sense of propriety, ran up to the bathing-house, and to the surprise of Phil and Miss Mortimer, presently disappeared in a huge green wave that covered them with its spray.

"Joe is a regular water-dog," said Phil. Miss Mortimer made no reply. She had not come down to the sea-shore that day to listen to laudations of Joe Barrett and his wife. Miss Mortimer felt that she had no time to lose, and was resolved to waste no words upon Joe Barrett's maritime proclivities.

Phil, however, kept his eyes upon Joe as he swam out to the open sea, and went on talking about him without requiring any special reply.

"Joe is a little impulsive and reckless, perhaps," said Phil, "but he's a capital swimmer."

"It is growing cold," said Miss Mortimer, contracting her shoulders in that graceful way that some women have of making even a shiver attractive.

Phil remembered with remorse that her wrap was hanging forgotten upon his arm. He hastened to put it about her shoulders, but the wind, which was rising to a gale, made the effort a prolonged one.

"Don't you hate the wind?" said Miss Mortimer, coquettishly.

"I am never ungrateful," said Phil, capturing the ends of the shawl again, and holding them fast this time about her slender form. A keen look of incipient triumph flashed from Miss Mortimer's eyes. Phil's words always seemed to mean so much more than they said. And she could not, unfortunately, see that his eyes were still looking fixed over her head upon the water beyond the surf.

A shaft or two of wild light flashed down the scene. An ominous rumble from the clouds mingled with the roar of the sea. Suddenly the earth and sky were enveloped in a blinding glare. In this spectral light Phil distinctly saw Joe Barrett fling his arms wildly aloft, and disappear in the darkening waste.

Phil threw off his shoes and his coat as he ran to the sea, and Miss Mortimer had great difficulty in resewing his vest, which was nearly carried out by a returning wave. Her costume was drenched with the spray, and she nearly lost her footing; but she saved the waistcoat, which contained Phil's watch and other valuables. Then she hurried to the shelter of the bathing-houses, for the rain now began to fall heavily. Through the blackness of the storm she saw the white face of a woman. Miss Mortimer knew it was Mr. Barrett running wildly down to the water, but she attempted no remonstrance. She had made up her mind that of the party of four that went down to the sea that day two would probably never return, perhaps three. It was impossible to say what might happen where such impulsive people were concerned.

Some men from the inn were now hurrying to the scene of peril, and finding it impossible to induce Mrs. Barrett to seek shelter, had thrown about her a rough tarpaulin, from the harsh folds of which her haggard face and wind-blown hair was a sorry sight to see.

The crimps and fripperies were gone. She wore an ill-fitting gown of the land-lady's. Her whole face was of a wan gray pallor, like the waves under the cold light of the stars.

"Is Joe better?" stammered Phil. "Does he know—"

"He knows everything, and perhaps he's better. Oh, Phil! Phil!" Polly repressed her sobs, and motioned Phil to the door. "He is determined I shall try and get some sleep, and that you shall watch him for a while. As if I could sleep! But go to him, Phil; don't thwart him—go!"

Phil went in to Joe. He will never forget the low-ceiled room, the two wooden chairs, the pine table, whereon a mop of ragged wick flared from a saucer of oil, the bottle of liquor within reach, and the coarse green glass, the grim old clock in the corner, ticking off the seconds, and Joe's ghostly face and motionless form upon the camp cot in the corner. Joe tried to stretch out his hand to Phil, but it fell back heavily upon the patchwork quilt of the land-lady.

"You did your best, Phil," he said; "you brought me ashore, but the trouble was done out there; something seized me, God knows what—paralysis, cramps, palsy—who can tell? Anyway, I'm done for, old man. I can't move a muscle below. It's a mere question of time, Phil, and we can't afford to lose any."

"I hope you're wrong, Joe; we'll know better when the doctor comes. You were right not to tell Polly. But she must come to you, Joe."

Phil would have gone at once for Polly, but something in Joe's face held him back.

"Hold on a bit, Phil. I didn't send for you and drive Polly away to tell you something that you'll both know soon enough. There's a burden on my conscience, Phil; it's been lying there like a plummet of lead all these years. Listen and don't interrupt me if you can help it. Give me some of that stuff from the bottle, and when I grow weaker give me more."

Phil lifted Joe's head and put the glass to his lips; then he sat down upon the edge of the cot, leaving his arm between Joe's neck and the pillow. Joe could feel Phil's pulse now, and the loyal heart of his friend beating close to his own.

"It's twenty-five years, Phil," said Joe, "since that night we drove down to the shore here and had that talk together. You remember it, Phil?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Ah, you've remembered it too well, Phil. I've tried hard enough, God knows, to make you forget. The sun was sinking over yonder in the west, and sky and sea were all a flame. Some fleecy clouds dropped low over the old shed where we had ordered some clams. I remember when I saw Polly that night. The dress she wore was like a stab to me; it was of some soft floating material that reminded me of the woolly clouds over the old shed. You didn't eat the clams, Phil. You dined with the shells, and turned them over with the queer old fork they had given you. And all at once you put them aside, and lighted a cigar, and turned your face to the sea, and began to talk of a woman you secretly loved. Now give me some wine, Phil."

Phil put the glass again to Joe's lips. "Don't talk any more, Joe," he said. "Let me go for Polly."

"Not yet," said Joe. "You were a handsome fellow, Phil, twenty-five years ago. As you went on to talk of the woman you secretly loved, some sort of a light shone upon your face from the splendor in the west that made it like that of an archangel. It seemed to me that no woman could withstand you. My heart grew like a lump of ice. My first thought was to walk out in the water and strangle myself; my next was worthy of Judas Iscariot. It was a resolve to betray you. I must have been tempted by the devil, for, as God is my judge in this awful moment of my life, I never dreamed before that night that you and I were in love with the one woman. I got upon my feet and shouted, 'She is mine!' glaring upon you with a dogged, resolute stare. 'Have you, then, asked her to marry you?' you said, and your face still looked like an archangel's, while mine must have been inflamed with the passions that beset a man beyond his strength. As I repeated: 'She is my promised wife,' the words seemed to leap from a throat of fire; it was the first downright, hideous, malicious lie I ever uttered, for I had not yet asked her—I had not yet asked her; but when I did ask her, upon that very night, the next lie slipped easily from my perjured throat, though it was a worse one by far. For I told, Polly, Phil—I told her before I asked her to marry me—that you had confessed to me your love for her friend, the poor little girl that afterward became our bridemaid. Whether it was my guilt or conscience, that makes hell enough for any man, I fancied I saw something in Polly's eyes that told me, had it not been for my treachery, your chance would have been better than mine. Now take your arm away from my neck, Phil, and curse me if you will—my story is done."

The pulse at Joe's ear leaped and tugged as if it would burst an artery, but Phil's voice had the old tender ring.

ret's widow would have been burned at the stake long ago. She was pretty well on in years when Joe died, and I'll leave it to anybody if she don't look like a blonde mummy now. Phil Somers has that air of distinction and elegance about him that he might marry almost anybody; Joe Barrett's widow is old and ugly and sick and poor, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if Phil Somers would marry her yet."—Mrs. Frank McCarthy, in Harper's Weekly.

A Pennsylvania Snake Story.

It has always been said by old hunters and woodsmen that under certain conditions a rattlesnake, exuding an odor which is not only unbearably offensive to the sense of smell, but that if a person should be subjected to its presence for any length of time in a close room the result would be fatal to him. This has generally been looked upon as one of the many superstitions that prevail among the residents of the backwoods, but a case is reported from the Pocono region, in this county, which, if true, and it seems to be well substantiated, would indicate that the belief is founded on fact. The story is that two men from New Jersey—B. T. Altomus and Samuel S. Roy—while spending a few days in that vicinity, looking over some timber land with a view to purchasing a tract, concluded for the novelty of the thing, to spend one night in the woods. It was one of the recent very cold nights. The intention of the men was to sleep in the open air by a camp-fire, but the cold was so intense that they were driven to entering an old cabin on the headwaters of the Little Bushkill Creek, which is used by hunters in the fall and winter. They started a fire in the fire-place, and, stretching themselves in front of it, went to sleep. Some time in the night Roy awoke. There was a feeling of great oppression on his chest, and he was breathing with difficulty. There was a peculiar sickening smell in the cabin. Altomus was breathing heavily, and his breath came at long intervals. Roy had difficulty in awakening him, but finally aroused him, and both struggled to their feet. The fire had ceased blazing, but the room was very hot, a bed of red-hot coals remaining on the hearth. When the men arose to their feet they were seized with dizziness and sickness at the stomach. They succeeded in getting to the door, which they had much difficulty in opening, but finally staggered into the open air and fell to the ground. After a violent spell of vomiting and half an hour in the open air the strange sickness passed off, but left them weak and nervous. They remained out doors until broad daylight. Upon entering the cabin in the morning what was their horror to see stretched on the hearth, not ten feet from where they had been sleeping, five large rattlesnakes, which crawled away at the approach of the men and disappeared in chinks in the chimney and cracks and holes in the floor. The peculiar odor was still apparent in the cabin, but the pure air that had entered at the open door had dissipated it to a great degree. The men associated their strange sickness in some way with the snakes, and at first thought they must have been bitten. They did not stay at the cabin to rout out and kill the snakes, but lost no time in reaching the nearest settlement, where they were enlightened as to the theory of the woodsman's rattlesnake-skin poison. These snakes frequent deserted cabins in the fall, and it is not an uncommon thing to see them crawling from their hiding places even in winter after a fire has been built in the cabin long enough to warm them up.—Stroudsburg (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Times.

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Gadsden, Ala., with a population of 3,500, has sixteen lawyers, ten preachers and nine doctors.

—When Colonel Sellers is asked if he sings, he frankly replies: "Well, those who have heard me say I do not."

—Principal Dawson, of McGill University, at Montreal, who is not without honor in his country, was presented with an address and \$5,000, when he left home for a year in Europe.

—Mrs. Esther J. Bates, although eighty-three years of age, rendered efficient aid in bringing water to save a house from destruction by a swamp fire in Cohasset, Mass., recently.—*Boston Post.*

—Mrs. J. W. Lent, frightened by a drowning scene in a theater in Oakland, Cal., fainted and then broke out in a violent perspiration. They took her home and she caught cold and soon died of pneumonia.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—An official high up in the railroad world wrote to Charles Wyndham for his autograph. The comedian sent back this epigram: "Railways in their way are autocrats. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—General Crook is now living at Fort Whipple, near Prescott, A. T. His home is a pleasant roomy house of two stories, surrounded by piazzas, and commanding a fine view of hill and valley. The Indians of the section call him "The Gray Fox."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Jonathan C. Bowles, who recently died poor and friendless in the Cleveland (O.) City Infirmary, at the age of seventy-five years, was twice worth \$100,000, it is said, and lost both fortunes in real estate speculations. Among his few effects was found a copy of Will Carleton's poem, "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—David Hinkley, of LaGrange, drove from that place to Dexter, stopped over night, and drove from there to Livermore Falls, a distance of about sixty miles, in one day. What makes this remarkable is that the old gentleman is over ninety years of age. He went to visit a brother two years his senior. After visiting about a week he drove from Augusta to Dexter in a day, and seemed none the worse for his journey.—*Leicester (Me.) Journal.*

—Rev. Frederick Freeman, known as the Historian of Cape Cod, who died recently at his home in Sandwich, Mass., at the age of eighty-four years, was the thirteenth child of twenty children of the late Brigadier General Nathaniel Freeman, and was himself the father of twelve children. He was the author of two large volumes of "The History of Cape Cod, or the Annals of Barnstable County," which came out in successive numbers between 1858 and 1862. He is also the author of other works.—*N. Y. Post.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—An Oxford student defines flirtation to be "attention without intention."

—A laughing "stock" the collar of our great grand-daddies.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

—An outsider refers to the failure of the New England leather firms as a financial distress in "upper" circles. He deserves a "well" for that.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Mamie says you can't come to see her any more," said a boy to his sister's admirer. "Why not?" "Because you come to see her seven nights a week now, and how could you come any more?" Silence was the only answer.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—On the return of the Cottage Hill fishing party the high-school girl remarked to her mother, "Now prepare for piscatorial exaggerations." "Yes," replied the old lady, "I made Bridget King in the clothes an hour ago, & I thought it looked like rain."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—"Lend me five dollars, Joe?" "Can't do it; in fact, I am just going over to try to borrow five dollars from the doctor." "Well, then, you might as well make it ten dollars and I'll take five dollars of it. It will make it easier to pay, you know, if it is divided up between us."—*Newark Call.*

—For soup—
"I'm now in the light of the season,
Said the elevator man:
And when asked to give his reason,
The inquirer he did scan,
As he sighed,
Like a monk in a cloister,
And replied:
Because I'm a 'hoister'!"—*N. Y. Journal.*

—A dandy on Pecano plantation not long since was much tried by the obstinacy of a mule. After much urging and kindness toward the brute he broke out with: "Look hyer, now! mebbey you think 'cause I jined the church last Sunday that I can't use big words, but I'll hab you know I'm gwine to make a 'ception in your special case'."

—Willing to come down.—A resident on Woodward Avenue who had advertised for a man to take care of his horses had an application from a colored man who seemed fitted for the position, and a bargain was made. As the new employee was backing out of the office the gentleman said: "Oh, by the way, what name shall I call you by?" "Well, sah, my letters am generally directed to do Hon. Boswell Green, but Ize perfectly willin' you should call me Mr. Green when you has occasion to 'dress me'."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—For the last fortnight a band of seven or eight Bohemian musicians have been discoursing music from their horns and taking up street collections. Yesterday morning they were up on Avenue, and as they finished playing a tune in front of a residence the owner came out on the steps and said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this testimonial of respect. It has always been—"
At this juncture a chamber window was opened and the wife looked out and called: "Husband, don't you know anything? That's a street band playing for money." "Ah! eh! Well, they don't get a cent out of me—not one blessed copper!" growled the statesman as he backed out of sight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A colored girl of Atlanta, Ga., was knocked over by an engine, but quite unhurt she sprang to her feet, and said to the engineer: "You has a mighty heap ob politeness to treat a lady dat way."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Jurymen and the Coffin.

The Birmingham (Eng.) *Daily Mail* reports a tragic-comic scene which occurred at the holding of an inquest upon the body of an inmate of the borough jail who had died from small-pox. It may not be generally known that a coroner is bound to hold an inquest on the body of any prisoner who may die in one of her Majesty's prisons, no matter how evident the real cause of death may be. The statute is of course a very necessary one, but yesterday it entailed on the jurymen who had been subpoenaed the not very desirable duty of viewing the body. The Deputy Coroner (Mr. Weekes), had, from motives which require no explanation, kept the fact from his jurymen till he had got them comfortably and securely within the court, and then he unfolded it to them. The bare statement that they were to hold an inquest on a small-pox case was enough; four or five of them required no further particulars to make up their minds that they would not view the body. No, they would not for all the coroners in the kingdom; they did not care what precautions had been taken. Persuasion having failed to convince these obstinate few, Mr. Weekes was compelled to read to them, in a very sepulchral and solemn tone, the penalties which the law prescribed for such cases. Discontent was not, however, stifled, as was evidenced by the lowering brows and low mutterings of the fourteen good men and true who had been empaneled, and the Coroner told them he would allow them to smoke, drink, or take any other means they chose of avoiding the infection. This seemed to soothe them, and Sergeant Gosling marched his little army down stairs to their long funeral vehicle, with the supposition that they had all been thoroughly broken in. Going down stairs, however, one thirsty soul suggested that they would have the drinks then; and another, a lover of the noxious weed, no doubt, took up the hint and talked about cigars. When they got into the street they rushed pell mell for tobacco and liquor. One poor teetotaler and non-smoker was in a sad way. What was he to do? "Brandy and soda," said one facetious colleague; "Black Jack," said another. On medicinal grounds, this abstemious individual at length brought himself to imbibe a glass of very weak whisky and water, but he could not brace himself up to the task of smoking even a Pickwick; he diveded sickness. It was quite a quarter of an hour before all these dutiful citizens had provided themselves sufficiently with liquor and ballasted themselves with an equivalent stock of smoking material to face the perils before them, and the worst smoking carriage on any railway in the kingdom would have paled its ineffectual fires before the furnaces which glowed and puffed in the "Coroner's van." And after all it was found that, as Mr. Weekes had told them, there was nothing to fear. All the jury had to do was to keep a respectful distance from an air-tight coffin in the yard, with a piece of glass at the end of the lid to disclose the face of the corpse.

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Curious Recovery of Eye-Sight.

Captain Sam S. Thompson, the popular young Captain of the Birmingham Rifles, who visited Mobile during the encampment of the Second Regiment, will be remembered by many citizens. No one of the many who made his acquaintance here imagined that one of his clear blue eyes was perfectly blind, yet such was indeed the fact. A strange fact than this remains to be told. About seven years ago Captain Thompson, who is the pattern-maker at the Lynn Iron Works, Birmingham, received a blow on the left eye, which thoroughly destroyed the sight of that orb, although it did not change its outward appearance. Last Thursday, while at work, Captain Thompson noticed that he involuntarily shrank or dodged as he moved past objects on his left-hand side. This was a novel experience, and he wondered why he should be so peculiarly nervous. Presently, however, he had occasion to place his hand to his right eye to rub some dust from it. At length the truth of his case was revealed to him, for he discovered as he closed his right eye that the old-time darkness did not surround him. He could see with the eye which had been totally blind for seven years. The sight is not as perfect as that of the right, but sufficiently clear to distinguish objects even at some distance, although not distinctly. In regard to this phenomenon the physicians of Birmingham say that the sight was obscured by a coagulated particle of blood under the iris, which has at length dissolved. The sight will doubtless continue to improve.—*Mobile (Ala.) Register.*

A Cowboy on Cattle-Raising.

The Denver *Tribune* had an interesting interview with an intelligent "cowboy" on the business of cattle-raising. According to him there is an aristocratic and a plebeian element among the cattle men of the plains. These two classes are those who own cowherds and those who have nothing but steers. The former are the smaller investors and the latter the wealthy stockmen. The latter buy the yearlings from the cowherds and graze them until they become beeves, when they sell them to the various buyers, topping out the finest for the Eastern and foreign markets and sending the tailings in to us at the same price. The system of monopolizing the beef cattle in the hands of the heavy capitalists is what is now keeping up the price of beef, although some of the stockmen do not know it themselves and have only adopted the system to avoid being bothered with it. The shipment of beef to England has become a large factor. In the last three years there has been such a heavy investment of Scotch and English capital that it is a fact that three-fourths of the cattle interest of Texas, Colorado and Wyoming is now owned and controlled by it. The ranges are being gradually encroached upon, as they were in Texas, and are becoming more crowded every year, while the market for the product is extending every year. Cattle that sold in 1880 for \$22 a head are now worth \$30, with the prospect that the price will go up instead of down.

—John Goekel, of Baltimore, Md., sneezed so hard as to dislocate his arm at the shoulder.

Curiosities of Manitoba.

There are various points of historic interest around the city that the casual visitor seldom sees or knows anything about. Fort Rouge, across the Assiniboine, is the site of the old red fort built as far back as 1734 by Le Verandrye, the intrepid explorer of the Northwest, and from which the Red River subsequently got its name. Silver Heights, a few miles to the west of the city, is the favorite resort of distinguished tourists to drive to and dine. Bird's Hill, about the same distance to the east, was the refuge of the Selkirk settlers during the great flood of 1826. Seven Oaks, on the suburbs, is where a desperate battle was fought in 1812 between the trappers of the great fur trading companies. But Stony Mountain, ten miles to the north, is the happy hunting ground for parties and all sorts of pleasure parties from the city. Be it remembered that a mountain in Manitoba simply means any kind of elevation above the surrounding prairie, and Stony Mountain is only about two hundred feet in height. It is shaped like a mammoth horseshoe, with a gradual ascent from the two arms to the rounded ridge in front, where it terminates abruptly in a perpendicular bluff. The material is fossiliferous limestone of the finest grade, and laminated into layers of every thickness from an inch to four feet. Boulders of every size and shape are scattered all over the surface. The depth of the ledge has never been ascertained yet.

The Provincial Penitentiary is built on it, which is also used as an asylum for the insane till a separate place can be put up. There is no wall around it, no sentry, no guard, except two brass field-pieces within a small stockade on the hill, but it is rarely indeed that any one gets away, though most of the convicts and light-headed fellows are allowed to work in the brick-yards half a mile away. The keeper had a menagerie of all the wild animals of the Northwest, but only a few bears and buffalo hybrids are left, the latter a cross between a cow and a bison. They are very rare and beautiful, brown and brindle in color, with long wavy hair. It is a wonder Barnum has not captured them. The next curiosity is a large oval stone, perfectly smooth, that a farmer used for many years as a threshing floor, and a capital floor it made, too. Then comes the cave in the side of the hill, where numerous Indians were buried, but some years ago the rock crumbled to pieces, and covered the entrance to it completely. It is well worth excavating. The Indians made another use of the mountain in the olden time. They drove large herds of buffalo up between the two arms of it and forced them to leap over the steep precipice in front, breaking their necks by the fall. Their bones may still be seen there. The ground at this time of the year is thickly covered with all kinds of flowers that grow naturally on the mountain, which gives it the appearance of a grand old neglected garden.—*Winnipeg Cor. N. Y. Graphic.*

Rembrandt and His Works.

The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvelous. He painted some very ugly, and even vulgar pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways; he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But, in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness make his pictures masterpieces, and we can not turn away from them carelessly; they attract and hold us.

Rembrandt's style was not always the same. Before 1633 he preferred the open daylight, in which everything was distinctly seen, and his flesh tones were warm and clear; after that time, he preferred the light which breaks over shade, while his touch became very spirited, and his flesh tones were so golden that they were less natural than before.

The works of Rembrandt are so numerous and so important that one can not speak justly of them in our present space. His pictures number about six hundred and his engravings about four hundred, and these embrace not only many subjects, but many variations of these subjects. The chief picture of his earliest manner is the "Anatomical Lecture," now in the Gallery of the Hague.

Rembrandt painted but few pictures from profane history, and his landscapes are rare, but the few that exist are worthy of so great a master, and one who so loved everything that God has spread out before us in nature. His scenes from common life are beyond criticism, but sometimes his picturing of repulsive things makes us turn away, though we must admire the power with which they are painted. His portraits were of the highest order, and very numerous; no other artist ever made so many portraits of himself, and in them he is seen from the days of youthful hope to ripened age.—*Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas.*

Refuse of the Newfoundland Cod Fishery.

Mr. Segrave, British Consul at Nantes, notes the curious fact that the prosperity of the important sardine fisheries on the west coasts of France is due in no light degree to merely incidental causes occurring at a distance of at least miles across the Atlantic ocean. It is calculated that an average of 30,000 tons of refuse from the cod fishery is annually thrown into the sea by fishermen off the Newfoundland and North American coast, and generally at that period when the prevailing winds are from the northwest and blowing with their greatest violence. The wind tends to cause a deviation in the current of the Gulf Stream, and to force the great northeastern branch to flow toward the coast of France, carrying with it a vast amount of the refuse from the cod fishery.

It is the presence of this matter on the French coast which is the cause of the collection of quantities of fish of different kinds, whose spawn helps to supply the sardine with food, and with the floating oily gelatinous substances which are equally indispensable.—*London News.*

—The reason advanced by Henry L. Taylor, of Belair, Md., for asking for a divorce is that his wife will not let him read the Bible.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A Silent Partner.

The citizenship of not a few men, who think themselves good citizens, would be improved, if they should clean out their own drains, clear up their backyards, and sweeten their cellars. The historian Nehemiah indicates that the walls of Jerusalem were rebuilt by each one repairing that portion of the wall located "over against his house." The Chicago *Drummer* recalls the following humorous sketch:

At supper one evening Mr. Topnoody, after praising his wife's fine biscuits and good coffee, began to talk on municipal affairs, in hopes that Mrs. T. would take a hand, and she did.

"My dear," he said, "do you know the city is going to appropriate one million dollars to clean and repair the streets?"

"I did see something about an appropriation, or whatever you call it, and a man named Ingalls. But I thought it was something going on in Congress, or the Senate or Cabinet, or something."

"I believe so, but this matter is right here at home, and I'm glad to see the prospect of an era of reform and cleanliness, because we need it, not only in the streets, but everywhere else."

"Are you ready to do your share in cleaning the city, Topnoody?"

"Ay, that I am, ready and willing; more, I am eager to do my humble portion," and he swelled all up with municipal patriotism.

"Very well, then, Topnoody; go out there in the back-yard and begin. It's too dirty to think of, and I've been at you ever since last spring to help your poor struggling wife in her efforts to make your surroundings respectable."

"I like to see you men about cleaning the streets, when you leave your wives to paddle around in ferry-boats in their own back-yards!"

"They are all alike, Topnoody, and you are more alike, I believe, than any of the rest of them."

"Bah, at your street-cleaning and your million-dollar appropriations, when, if your wives don't make you, you wouldn't even put on a clean shirt oftener than once in three months!"

"I like to hear men talk, but I don't want to hear anything from you, Topnoody, until you've disinfected that back-yard!"

Topnoody is at present only a silent partner.

The Manufacture of Beads.

Beads are largely made in Venice, where glass-making has always been a principal industry. It is said that the invention of beads dates from the thirteenth century, and is due to two Venetians, Miotti and Imbriani, who were urged to make experiments by the celebrated Venetian traveler, Marco Polo. Under the Venetian Republic, and for some years after its fall, says our Consul at Venice, the exportation of beads had not reached the importance it has now attained. This was perhaps owing to the smallness of the furnaces and to the difficulty and length of the technical processes required for the composition of the paste. The Morelli, however, who in 1670 were the principal bead manufacturers, had four ships at sea carrying beads to the East on their own account, and they became so rich that in 1866 they entered the rank of Venetian nobility on payment of a sum of 100,000 ducats to the Republic. Since 1815 this industry has become so important as to give at the present time employment to about 15,000 persons. The traffic is carried on with all the world, but the principal exportation of beads is to the ports of Asia and Africa.

An extraordinary stimulus was given to this industry a few years ago by the prevailing taste for beads for trimming ladies' dresses. A great extension of the manufacturer took place, and the labor was paid so high that all who could do so gave up their usual trades for bead-making. But when the demand for beads declined most of the workmen who had been allured by fancy wages to the bead manufacture were thrown out of work, and compelled to return to their former occupations. Whatever be the cause, bead-making has always been the special privilege of Venice, in spite of all foreign attempts to manufacture this article elsewhere. The wages in glass works are for a first master about eight francs a day, for a second master four and one-half francs, and for the ordinary workmen from two francs to five francs a day. During the last five years the average annual exportation of beads has been 25,000 quintals, of the approximate value of 5,500,000 francs.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Beat at His Own Game.

Last Wednesday, as the overland train was disgorging its passengers in the Oakland depot, a plausible looking young man walked up to a gray-headed granger, who was staring open-mouthed around him, and clasped him fervently by the hand.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Guffy?" "How did you know my name was Guffy?" asked the delegate from the foothills, much astonished and apparently oblivious that "Jas. Guffy, Ukiah," was printed in big letters on the valise he carried in his hand.

"Why, Jim, old man, you can't have forgotten me—Tom Saunders—your old friend. How are all the boys in Ukiah?"

"Glad ter see yer, glad ter see yer. I've got a powerful bad memory, but seems ter me I do remember yer face, somehow," said the granger.

"Of course you do. Coming down for a little look round, eh? All right—where do you put up? I'll meet you after dinner, and we'll take in the town together. Here's my address."

"God bless you, my boy," said the hayseed party, much affected. "Them's the best kind words I've hearn since I left home," and, with the honest impulse of his simple nature, the farmer took the young man in his arms and hugged him. Then arranging where to meet later, he shuffled along.

That afternoon the plausible young man was down at headquarters complaining that he had been robbed of his watch and pocketbook by a "boddler" got up as an old granger.

"There wasn't nuthin' particular in ther pocket-book," he indignantly explained, "and the watch was oride, but I'm blessed if I want to be beat at my own game."—*San Francisco Post.*

A Medieval Romance.

Hildebrand de Montmorency knelt at the feet of Yolande Vivescure.

"Lady, command me a duty to test my love," said the impassioned knight.

"Sir Hildebrand," rejoined the damsel, "often hast thou promised me to do deeds of high emprise in my name. Know that the King of Abyssinia has one fair daughter whom he guards from all the world. She has never seen the face of man, save her father and her brothers, for the King swears that she is a pearl of great price, and that there lives no man worthy of her. The courtyard of her palace is guarded by five-and-twenty trained lions who read all intruders. In her seclusion this fair princess has learned a great secret. She knows how to do up her back hair without filling her mouth with hair-pins. I command you to travel to Abyssinia, learn her secret, and return to me ere yet a year passes." So saying, she gave her colors—a scarf composed of two shades of eern, bound with tulle, shirred and cut bias—to the good knight, who thereupon set out on his quest.

Scarcely had the sound of the hoofs of the knight's palfrey died away in the distance when there arose from the neighboring pomegranate grove the strains of a melody of passing sweetness. Opening in 6-8 time in C minor, the melody, after a series of arpeggios in B-flat major, was skillfully developed by the inversion of the dominant seventh and passed into A, whence, after a brief succession of mordents written in close counterpoint, it was taken up by a cadenza, and ended in one long-drawn resolution of six consecutive fifths, allegro assai, sforzando, sherzo, a meno mosso.

"By my halidom," said the lady, "an angel with his voice-tuned to concert pitch could scarce sing sweeter than you strain."

Scarcely had these words passed her lips when Blondel, the minstrel, knelt before her, the ophicleide, the favorite instrument of medieval minstrelsy, being drawn in a cart behind him.

"Lady, an' thou lovest me, such strains shall echo around thee all thy life, even though the neighbors should set up opposition with acclamations."

"Minstrel," rejoined the fair one, "thy songs are sweet and fair, but I give thee the rich reward thou cravest, though I know many music teachers' wives have to live in extremely ineligible flats; but as I have set a task to the good Knight Sir Hildebrand de Montmorency, it is but fitting one should be assigned thee to test thy truth. Know, then, that there dwelleth on a high rock in the River Rhine, in Almayne, a maiden wondrous fair, who singeth a song that bringeth her lovers from afar and near. Woe to him who is drawn to the rock whereon she sings. She seizes him and carries him to her enchanted palace in the river's depths, whence he never reappears. I charge thee go to Almayne; traverse this song. Be not lured by the Lorelei, but bring me back the authorized score of the song, with full orchestral parts. No pianoforte score with instrumental indications will be accepted at this shop."

"Lady," firmly answered the minstrel, "an I do not thy behest I were only fit to be librarian to a circus band," and after breathing out his soul in one impassioned cadenza on the ophicleide, he departed on his way.

There lacked but a day of a year since the knight and the minstrel departed when they reached the castle gate again from the successful completion of their tasks. But, alas! their perils were in vain. The lady Yolande was wed to Sir Aldegonde de Treville. He had kept at home and invented ice-cream.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Wall Street Story.

A good story is told in Wall street apropos of the recent activity in the Louisville and Nashville stock. W. Williams, who, with Rufus Hatch, has fought the Western Union through all the courts in creation, is largely interested in the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, of which he is also a director. He and President Baldwin are supposed to have lost a great deal of money during the drop. In any case, they assured their friends but a few weeks ago that L. & N. was the cheapest purchase on the list at 50. It has gone below 41 since, and, with all the forced recovery of the last few days, has barely seen anything like 50 yet. Williams had, besides his stock, a heavy line of puts at 44, and naturally squealed when he discovered that Jay Gould seemed deaf to any proposition as long as the Western Union suit was not discontinued. He did not seem disposed to negotiate with Williams, but consented some two weeks ago to have an interview with Baldwin, who had Williams' carte blanche to arrange matters. Everything seems to have been so satisfactorily arranged that it is even reported now that Gould is to enter the Louisville & Nashville Board of Directors. His shorts were covered with a large profit

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FOR PRESIDENT.

That uncrowned King of every Democratic heart,

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in Humiliation,

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed Judge Hargis—subject to the action of the Democracy of the First Appellate District.

It is time for the annual crop of Thanksgiving proclamations.

It appears that France and Spain are about ready to kiss and make up.

JOHN CHINAMAN will make it warm for the Frenchman within his borders.

McCREERY, Durham, Talbot, and Thompson of the Eighth District, all want to go to Congress.

Col. E. M. NORTON, one of the founders of the Ashland Iron Works, died at Wheeling last week.

The Danville Tribune is making war on "Maj. General Whisky" and "Lieut. Brandy, Rum and Beer."

All of the States in Union are now Democratic but twelve. Indeed, it will be hard to beat us in '84.

Two deaths from small-pox have occurred at the Masonic Lodges' and Orphan's Home at Louisville.

The eleventh annual congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women is in session at Chicago.

The Cincinnati News-Journal says that "Gath" is the only editor the Enquirer has—a Republican at that.

A couple of Mormon preachers are prowling around through Allen county seeking converts. Set the dogs on 'em.

Wisconsin under a law just passed, a man who is convicted of being a tramp is sent to the penitentiary for ten months.

As the Louisville Exposition is to be wound up with a big dog show, it now behooves the newspapers to announce a Dog's Day.

AKK NELING has confessed to the murder of Ada Atkinson, one of the most outrageous murders ever recorded, near Oxford, Indiana.

Another large earthquake took place Tuesday, on the coast of Italy, and 2,000 lives were lost by being buried under the walls of several villages.

Three editors have been selected as the judges of apple brandy at a Virginia fair. Of course the managers will see that they are wheeled home.

At Hot Springs, Ark., yesterday, Judge Wood sentenced Harris, editor of Horsehoe, to ten days imprisonment and \$50 fine for contempt of court.

SUREMAN blames the Ohio election disaster as "Women, Religion, Whiskey, Wool, Corruption" and a few other things, but says it won't be that way in '84.

The First National Bank of Chicago has notified its 130 clerks that they must all procure bonds which will range from \$4,000 to \$5,000 each, and aggregate \$320,000.

A CONVENTION of the colored people of Virginia, held recently at Richmond, calls upon their race to abandon Mahone, avoid antagonizing the whites and stand up for Republicanism.

FRED DOUGLAS and Senator Bruce are very indignant at their white brethren of the Supreme Court, for their recent ruling in the Civil Service Bill.

A SPRING in Anderson county is attracting as much attention now as that county's favorite whiskey. It may, however, be near a distillery, and the distillery may leak.

Congress has appropriated \$800,000 for a Government building in Brooklyn, and Secretary Folger says it will take a half million dollars to buy a lot. But then he would still have enough left to put up a tent.

"A SNAKE twelve feet long wrapped itself around the fore and hind wheels of a Nevada stage the other day, blocking the progress until killed." After that the cork was put into the bottle and the stage proceeded.

At Memphis Wednesday, whilst James Moore, the diver, was a work under the water, the laborers above accidentally drove an iron spike through on his feet. To save himself from drowning, Moore cut his foot off and escaped from his imprisonment.

MILLERSBURG.

Mart Layson is very ill, with bilious fever.

Joe McClelland took ten blue strings and a garter, at the Germantown fair.

How much rent does the town get from that photograph gallery in the public square?

Chas. Bean, wife and baby, of Lexington, were the guests of L. G. Vimont and family, Sunday.

Joe Nesbitt is advertised to sell at public sale on Wednesday, Oct. 31st, and will move to Missouri.

Messrs McClintock, Current, Collins and Powell all of this precinct, are on the Stivers' jury this week.

As the skating has collapsed, Mrs. Belle Taylor will hardly finish the task of accomplishing herself as a skater.

The sheriff made sad a score of hearts here this week. Nobody "knewed nothing" and didn't want to go to Paris.

No Sallie Ball Items this issue. The boys are gathering in some tar and feathers for future use. Here's a pointer.

Johnnie McClintock talks of making a trip to the Isle of Jersey, in search of a Lily or two, and perhaps a small herd.

Mrs. Dr. Smith has the handsomest stock of fall and winter millinery ever brought to this town, and she sells cheap, too.

Harvey Darnell and bride were entertained at Alex. McClintock's, Tuesday night, and on Wednesday proceeded to Louisville.

Marshall Ballenger has a new blue suit with brass buttons. Well, you can imagine how Grant felt when he took charge of the army of the Potomac!

The Hon. Frederick Prudell, is acting the "mysterious man" as witness in the Stivers' trial. In his absence, several games of "craps" will be lonely without him.

The reason Joe Miller wears the appellation of "Betsey," is that old Betsey Webb ran him in the creek one day with a big switch, for whipping her son "Booze."

Miss Lizzie Wilmore writes word back from Salyersville, that she is agreeably disappointed in her new home. Some call her the belle of thirty-nine counties in Eastern Kentucky.

One of those fellows who boasted on the street that he "just knowed all about" all the devilment done in town recently, skipped out of town and took to the bush, in fear of the grand jury.

We don't want that redistricting business spoken of in your last issue. We want a consolidation of the three districts with that of the Millersburg district, and a good High School established with three good teachers like the one we already have. That's business.

Wm. Steele has subscribed \$25 towards the erection of a bridge across Hinkston at Steele's Ford. The county will be expected to pay the balance—\$2,975. Will the county do it? Who on earth will it benefit besides Mr. Steele? Echo answers "who?" "who?"

POSTED—Notice is hereby given that I posted my farm, adjoining Millersburg, according to all the forms of law, and all persons are forbidden to hunt or fish or trespass in any way on said farm, I will enforce the law against all offenders—WHITE and BLACK.

Oct. 17th 1883. ALEX. MCCLINTOCK.

"B'RR WOLFE."

REPUBLICAN newspapers are of one opinion that the Supreme Court has done a wise and correct thing in deciding the Civil Rights bill unconstitutional. The same papers in '74 applauded the Republican Congress for passing the same bill.

KENTUCKY has some good laws but they are not often enforced. The way to enforce them is to educate the voters and they will elect good officers and force them to do their duty. The newspapers should all combine in an effort to raise the morals of the commoners, and the paper that shrinks from its whole duty should be severely avoided. There's no neutral grounds for a newspaper to stand on when any vital subject is under consideration.

The Supreme Court of the United States—intensely Republican at that, has rendered the decision that the Civil Service Bill is unconstitutional. Judge Harlan was the only one of the nine Judges who dissented in rendering the decision. Justice Field delivered the opinion, which was based on the fact that a colored citizen had a right to erect hotels, railroad &c., from which he had a right to exclude the white man if he desired, and that the white should have the same privilege under the constitution as a black man. This decision virtually puts an end to colored people trying to push themselves into hotels and parlor coaches owned by white men—provided the owners desire to so exclude them. Bear in mind, that the Supreme Court of the United States is REPUBLICAN!

In reviewing the rapidly increasing crime of murder and homicide in Kentucky, the Courier-Journal winds up a lengthy and able editorial as follows: "We need more sternness, more rigor, more uprightness. We need to understand better what rights organized society has. If murder is a crime it is a crime to let it go unpunished. Men must be held responsible for their deeds. Justice must be swift and certain. We have too much cant, too much sentimentalism, too much tolerance. One murder unpunished leads to another. There is no desire for vengeance in the demand that blood guiltiness be punished as the law requires; it is simply a plea for peace, for order, for safety. We must chain up the men who are smitten with the homicidal mania; we must make them understand that they are not a law unto themselves. We have murders frequently; we will continue to have them as long as murder is not punished as a crime."

The County Clerk of Bourbon will be called on in a few days to vote a lot of money as extra pay to the County School Commissioner, for redistricting the public school districts of the Millersburg precinct, for simply spending one day and drawing an imaginary line through the neighborhood; that's all. Now, in the name of all that's square and honest, what are County School Commissioners paid a regular salary of \$300 per annum for? Is it only for the examination of a dozen or two teachers and issuing checks for their salaries, or does it not include a redistricting of districts if necessary? We would advise the magistrates of this county to investigate the school law before taking any action in this matter.

KENTUCKY needs more men like Col. A. G. Dodge, of the Kentucky Union Railroad. His money and enterprise is doing vast good to the people in Eastern Kentucky. He has bought thousands of acres of land in this section, and is building a railroad into the heart of the mountains.—[Three Forks Enterprise.]

PUBLIC SALE

PERSONAL PROPERTY

On Wednesday, October 31st, '83,

I will sell on my premises at Steele's Ford, three miles from Millersburg, my personal property consisting as follows: 2 horses, 2 cows and calves, 11 fat hogs, 8 shoats, 30 stacks of corn, 1 good two-horse wagon and other farm implements, household and kitchen furniture; 5 or 6 stands of bees, 1 good not-top buggy and harness, and some sundries. Terms—Sixty days on approved paper, with privilege of discounting at 7 per cent. JOS. A. NESBITT, A. W. LYDICK, Auctioneer. Oct 19-1d

FRESH OYSTERS!

I am receiving direct from Baltimore FRESH OYSTERS from the old reliable house of E. B. Mallory & Co. Housekeepers can depend upon getting the very best oysters and perfectly fresh. W. W. GILL.

JACKS FOR SALE.

I HAVE for sale five splendid Black Jacks, with white points, 3 years old, 1½ hands high. They are of the best breeding, descending from Napoleon, Buena Vista and Imp. Mammoth. Two of them took the blue and red ribbons at the Paris Fair. Any one wishing to buy will please call and see them at J. MONROE LEER'S, Paris, Ky.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

JUST received a car of fresh mined Anthracite coal, for sale at a lower price than usual. [25p-3t] W. F. SPEARS.

Unparalleled Success for 1883 and Greater Promises for 1884.

The Cincinnati Enquirer

During the past year, having enjoyed an unprecedented success, very flattering to its publishers, one that has been seldom if ever equaled, in the annals of Journalism. Such recognition of merit is most substantial endorsement of the ENQUIRER'S ENERGY! EXPENDITURE! and DETERMINATION TO EXCEL. On the part of its conductors, and prompts them to still further add to its worth as a PUBLIC EDUCATOR, until its present extensive circulation is again doubled, which we trust will be the result at the close of the year 1884, making an aggregate of

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS. The Weekly Enquirer is not a reprint of another paper, but an original, and original A. No. 1 Family Newspaper, prepared for and by people who patronize it.

For the general favorite, are its FARM SCHOOL! in which every subscriber may become a teacher; a scholar, or both; as all are invited to contribute to this department, by relating their experience and success with the various enterprises, appliances, manner of culture, &c., or by asking from others, through this medium, for any information or advice wished for. The immensity of advantage gained through this feature of the Enquirer may be realized, when you call to mind, the fact that there are thousands of others engaged in the same kind of work as yourself, and among them new discoveries and developments are constantly being made.

THE ENQUIRER, is published in its character, and similarly conducted. Contributions from the thrifty house-wife, with lessons on domestic economy, home attractions, &c. From the devoted mother, on management and training of children, duties, &c., and from the Daughter, whose nature and habits are the index of the family circle, appear each week, some asking for, and others giving the desired information concerning household affairs; making this the most instructive and entertaining feature ever produced in a newspaper and found only in the Weekly Enquirer.

THE ENQUIRER, is a paper of practical knowledge through their department and accurate reports of prices and conditions of the mind, habits of industry and moral training.

In the above combination every family visited by the Enquirer, forms a part of the grand family circle devoted to the progress and prosperity of each in their various callings in life. Rev. Talmage's sermons all appear in the Weekly Enquirer. The merchants, tradesmen, buyers and sellers have a department where the latest phases of the business markets, crops, merchandise, &c., are given as also the latest accurate reports of prices and conditions of the produce market.

All Foreign News of general interest finds place in the Enquirer. Correspondence from business, social and political centers, based strictly upon truth and fact; literary matter and miscellaneous reading will be produced every week, in such variety as to more over merit the title of

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

Send for specimen copies to hand to your neighbors. The subscription rates will remain at the same low figure, viz:

One Year for . . . \$1.15 Six Months for . . . \$0.65 No club rates, all paying one and the same price.

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Given to subscribers who induce others to subscribe. Agents wanted in every post-office.

THE DAILY ENQUIRER

Continues onward in its brilliant career in the Newspaper world, acknowledging none superior.

Prints daily a faithful record of all that transpires without fear or favor; treats all persons and parties with fairness, subject to no clique, corporation or boss, but always mindful of obligations to the people, and the aim of its conductors to produce the Newspaper of the day.

For the best evidence of its superior worth, and adaptability to the wants of all classes, a few sample copies, or a short trial subscription will be more convincing than words of praise from any source.

Its extra large size supplement included, makes it the cheapest daily paper printed. Published every day at the following RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Any one day25 .45 1.25 2.00
Sunday Issue25 .45 1.25 2.00

JOHN R. MCLEAN, Proprietor, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF A—

VALUABLE FARM.

As agent for the Willmot heirs, I will sell at public sale, on

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8th,

on the premises near Hutchison's Station, half-way between Paris and Lexington, on the K. & C. Railroad, with the branch of the Bethlehem and Hopewell turnpike running in front of the door, the farm of

165 ACRES OF LAND,

which is perhaps as good land as there is in the county or bluegrass region. The farm contains a good brick residence in good repair, good water, orchard, ice-house, barn and all necessary improvements.

Sale at 12:30 p. m., which will give ample time to attend the sale on the trains and return on them to either Paris or Lexington. Terms liberal, and made known on day of sale. J. SMITH KENNEY, Agent. A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE LAND.

On SATURDAY, October 20th,

I will sell at the Court House door in Paris, at 2 o'clock p. m., my farm situated on the Paris & Kiser's Station turnpike, 5½ miles from Paris, adjoining the land of George White, Henry Isgrig and David Hume. There are sixty-five acres in the tract, all under cultivation, and is No. 1 tobacco land. The land is under good plank fence, well watered, and is a very desirable piece of property.

TERMS—Five hundred dollars to be paid cash in hand, and notes for one and two years at 8 per cent. on the deferred payments. LEONIDAS LEAVELL.

PARIS PLANING MILLS.

GEO. B. MINTER, — MANAGER.

SOLICIT orders for Doors, Sash, Blinds, Moulding, Brackets, Finish Timber and Prepared carpentry. Will not contract the erection of houses, but will do mill-work may be sent per telephone from Overby & Co.'s office on Bank Row. J. M. THOMAS, Proprietor.

HOTEL FOR SALE.

HAVING DETERMINED TO MIGRATE to Texas, I will offer at private sale, the BOURBON HOUSE, the principal hotel property of Paris. The house is large, roomy and located in the old and business portion of the city, and has fine view of the river. Will sell the house and fixtures at a bargain. For full particulars, call on address HENRY TURNER, Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL.

HAVING severed my connection with Prof. Sanders' school, I will hereafter give my undivided attention to my private pupils. To those desiring my professional services, I pledge my utmost exertions for the advancement of those entrusted to my care. A. M. GUTZLEIT.

Tired of Booming Backwards

And have determined to build one of the best Roller Mills in the United States (capable of 150 barrels) with all the recent improvements in the art of milling. I have in past 12 months visited some of the very first class mills in the world, and have seen the best of the first class millwrights in the United States, and after thoroughly posting myself and with God's blessing and never failing energy, hope to soon have in the mill business my long past experience in milling and other various kinds of machinery I will make in saying no mill, that will surpass the Paris Mills in making as good flour as is made in America (mill will likely be shipped from two months to 18 months). As the mill is now on hand and ready to ship, I will purchase from the very first class millwrights in the world, and will supply my customers as usual. (No use looking elsewhere we will furnish you.) Will also exchange mill products for wheat and corn. Ever Kindly and Respectfully Yours, Wm. SHAW, Paris Mills, Sep. 28th, 1883. St

NEW MILLINERY SHOP

MRS. DR. J. B. SMITH, Millersburg, Ky., has received a full assortment of the latest styles of millinery goods and will constantly add all new features of the business as the season advances. The goods are new, pretty and varied. Prices reasonable. Mrs. Katie Daviss presides as trimmer, and perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed. Oct 5-5t

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

I desire to sell at private sale, my residence at Shawhan's, Bourbon county, (late the property of Richard Hale), and my lot where the store recently burned from. The residence is an elegant frame cottage of the latest improved plan and is in No. 1 repair; good garden and yard, and is well watered. The store lot has good foundation on which to build, and is a splendid stand for a country store. I sold \$25,000 worth of goods at the stand in twelve months. For full particulars, address the undersigned. A. M. KELLER, Shawhan, Ky.

GRINDING.

White Bro. Shaw is torn down, I will grind corn on Wednesdays and Saturdays for customers. J. M. THOMAS.

Butterick Patterns.

A complete stock of the Butterick Patterns just received by us. Orders by mail promptly filled. Send for catalogue—free. POSTER, MOORE & CO.

J. L. TAYLOR & CO.,
THE CLOTHIERS.
LARGEST STOCK!
LOWEST PRICES!
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!
Hats, Furnishing Goods and Trunks a Specialty.

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING on my customers to write an advertisement for this sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly say that I have just returned from New York, and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN. All that I can say now, is to COME—yes, come NOW and lose no time yourself in securing pick and choice from my large and varied selection of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,
PARIS, KY.

AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of **BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS**

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest bargain of your life, call and examine our goods and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME AND SEE US.

McCLURE & INGELS.

THIS WEEK

We desire to state to the public that we keep in stock a full supply of the celebrated "ALLIGATOR" coal and wood cook stoves. The Alligator has held a prominent place in this market for more than twenty years and can be found in use in every section of the county. We are ready to offer a premium for a single instance where it has not given the very best satisfaction. We are now receiving a complete stock of all kinds of heating stoves for parlors, stores and halls, including the best base burner for hard and soft coal made. We also keep in stock a good clean supply of all goods usually found in a first-class Stove and Tin Store, among which may be found the celebrated PURIFYING PUMP, and the equally celebrated MONITOR COAL OIL STOVES, &c., &c.

For executing first-class job work in Tin, Copper and Sheet iron, we flatter ourselves that we need no further mention. Please call and examine our stock, and you will verify our statements.

MILLIGAN & PERRY.

WILLS' WORLD WORM CANDY,

The most delightful worm remedy on the market. Old reliable medicine put in nicely flavored sticks of candy, that children take with pleasure. Sold by all drug and country stores. Ask for it and save it a trial. Warranted pure.

JAMES K. DAVIS. GARRETT DAVIS

DAVIS & DAVIS,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

(TWO DOORS ABOVE THE POST-OFFICE.)

Are now daily receiving importations of a very elegant line of Fall Cassimeres, Dude Cloths, Cheviots, &c., all of which are of the newest and nobbiest styles.

Having never made a misfit in all of our past Spring and Summer trade, we need not fear guaranteeing entire satisfaction on that score. Call and see us; we'll not only suit exactly in an outfit, but we'll save you money.